## The Mysteries of Nation Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington, The Distinguished Authority on Psychic Phenomena.

Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard,

The Well Known Author of "The Perils of
Pauline;" "The Exploits of Elaine;" "The Goddess;" "The Misleading Lady;" "The Ghost
Breaker;" "The Man From the Sea."

Everything You Read Here Today You Can See
This Week at the Victor Theater in Vivid Motion Pictures Produced by the Famous Wharton Studio

for This Newspaper. With Mr. HOWARD ESTABROOK as Dr. Alden, Miss JEAN SOTHERN as the Charming Myra Maynard. Next Sunday Another Chapter of "The Mysteries of Myra" and New Pictures.

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Myra Maynard, a beautiful helress, is pursued by a band of criminals, known as the Black Order, whose object is to kill the girl by occult means, in order that the legacy of her father, a secret member of the Devil Worshippers, may full to the evil order. Arthur Varney, a wealthy club man, is the favored sulter of the girl; is reality he is the tool of High Master of the Black Order. Dr. Payson Alden, a brilliant young physician, has given up his practice to devote his time to studies in the occult and the mysteries of the unseen. He discovers the conspiracy against the girl, and saves her from committing suicide while in a somnambulistic trauce. By means of a scientifically constructed hypnotising machine Alden releases the astral body of Myra, which goes in search of her persecutors. The Grand Master is informed of this, and in a terrific mental struggle for the control of Myra's spirit, Alden is all but defeated by the Master. Alden determines to break into the Order and put an end to the nefarious work. Myra is greatly troubled as to his safe return, and sends her astral body in search of him. The Grand Master hypnotizes himself, and in the mental fight which follows, Myra swakes with the spirit of the Grand Master, while the Master now possesses the innocent soul of the girl. The Grand Master next which place Myra in his power. But for the timely interference of Dr. Alden, Myra would have been killed. Varney places a red light in Myra's clothes closet, under which the spirit of the Master assumes mortal form. Alden is prepared, however, and under the violet glare of the, mercury vapor lamps, which he installed in Myra's room, the body of the Master dematerialized in great agony. Dr. Alden's knowledge of thought photography enables him to discover a new and desperate scheme of the enraged Master, while his secientific arrangement of mirrors defents the plan of the Black Order. Next the Master tries mental telepathy, but Dr. Alden scents the method of attack, reverses the proc EPISODE THIRTEEN CHAPTER LV.
The Hatred Implacable.

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ARNEY, I would speak with you!"

The discordant voice rang out through the clammy recesses of the council room. Arthur Varney arose from his knees, where with his fellow members of the Black Order he had been swinging in rythmic chanting, a part of the welrd rites of the Devil Worshippers.

The leader of ceremonies had just opened a meeting of the evil clan, as the brazen gong rang out.

"Yes, master," answered the clubman, as he went slowly toward the black velvet curtains which puffed in the cold breeze of the subterannean chambers.

There were three resonant crashes of the

There were three resonant crashes of the gong once more, and he entered.

Into his vision there grew stronger with the spreading red luminosity the sight of the gnaried features of the supreme ruler of the order.

the order.

The two exchanged the sign of their brotherhood, thumbs pointing upward, from clenched hands, pressed against either side of their cheeks. The diabolical significance of this sent a shudder through Varney. The piercing black eyes of his superior did not miss the hesitant manner, and the despairing looi; upon his human tool of death.

"Look in my eyes, Varney!" was the curt con. rand.

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The man raised his glance and then dropped the lids, as though he feared that some inner weakness might be discovered by the gimlet sharpness of the master's stare.

"Varney, you have been brooding of late. I know all you have done, all that you have said, and even your innermost thoughts. My power is so tremendous that I will know every weakness—"very unfaithful thought which you have!"

Varney, despite his effort at calmness, started ever so slightly.

The High Master observed.

He raised a bony fist, clenched until it looked like the talen of some omnivorous bird of prey. He leaned forward with an evil

A group of boys, with a sturdy broad shouldered buildos on a leash, were standing

She did ride on, and by the time Alden hid, and mounted his horse shared the girth and mounted his horse shared the girth and mounted his horse have the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse have the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his horse has been presented at the girth and mounted his point that the girth his point that it was mounted by the girth and the girth

After dinner that night, Mrs. Maynard restired early, leaving Varney, and Myra together.

The girl then told of her desire to visit the old woman's place once more. He tried, oddly enough, to dissuade her, but suddenly, over her shoulder in the reflection of the window, he seemed to see a vision of the High Master, with the thumbs upturned on either side of the evil face. He weakened, and agreed to take her in his machine.

They sped out along the road, at Myra's direction, until after half an hour's ride they found the clearing.

Myra dismounted with agility from the throbbing car. As she did so Varney slipped a revolver into the girl's hand.

"You-may need this," he muttered, and forced her to slip it into the pocket of her automobile coat. Then he trembled at his own treachery to the Black Orden.

The girl hurried toward the door of the little house. A dim light shone through a window. As she knocked four masked men sprung from the roadside upon Varney and pretended to struggle. Then they rushed at the girl, who had stepped within.

"I received your message," exclaimed Myra, as she peered about the dimly lit exterior. "I came for the olintment, as you told me to do."

The old woman arose stiffly from the cot upon which she had been lying.

"It is a trick! I didn't send for you," she cried, afrightedly. Outside were voices, and the crone sprang toward the door to swing it shut, and bar it. Rough hands were pounding at the portal; the men were demanding admittance. The two women stood quiet, in their terror. Then some heavy beams or ladder, Myra could not tell which, began to bang rythmically against the door; the intruders were using it as a battering ram.

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the intruders were using it as a battering ram.

Myra remembered the revolver which Varney had slipped to her. She drew it from her pocket and fired three times in rapid succession. At the last report there was a cry of anguish from the other side of the wooddoor. Then silence indicated a temporary

"They will return," said the old woman.
"When they do, I will show you how to escape, for you were kind to an old witch
like me!"

Myra sank weakly into a chair as her companion patted her shoulder and then her forehead, soothingly. The girl's body suddenly seemed to become lifeless. Far off in the telegraph station the drowsy operator, nodding once more, seemed to behold a vision of the same young woman who had chided him that afternoon. She seemed to lean over his shoulder, this fair apparition, to write a message on the top blank of a message pad on the desk before him. Unconsciously he began to tick-tick the name and address, then the message, as he saw it written, sending it along the wire to the next station.

As he finished the spirit vanished and he

As he finished the spirit vanished and he woke with a start. The tin pan dropped noisily on the floor, and he rubbed his eyes.

"I wonder if that was a dream?" muttered the operator. He looked at the pad of telegraph blanks in front of him. But there was no message written upon the yellow sheets. However, Dr. Alden had received a tele-gram transmitted for speed from the re-ceiving office by telephone. The message read: "I am in the Witch's house. Save me. Myra."

Myra."

The physician hurriedly called up the police station, located in the suburbs near this lonely address. The captain promised action, with his reserves, at once.

Alden summoned a taxicab, armed himself, and was soon speeding through the dark streets, toward the rustic highway over which he had ridden so carefree that afternoon.





"Not at all. I don't believe CHAPTER LVIII. an excuse to make fun of people who have reached the age where they should be respected and loved." She responded. "I am not afraid of you at all."

The old woman laughed now, with her wrinkled eyes squinting until they became mere slits in a leathery face, "The Spell of Witcheraft.

There was the sound of thundering hoof-heats upon the roadway, and Alden's steed dashed up.

"Thank Heavens!" muttered the physician, dismounting and walking toward this peace-ful doe-Myra, standing silently with fas-ful doe-Myra, standing silently steed dashed up.

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The High Grew back over the fing-like high descended toward the source of a born equestrian.

The High High Grew back over the fing-like high cannot be sourced by the high content of the way in the source of a born equestrian.

The physician was a handsome figure, if at the foot of a high tree.

Within the high of the wooden ward to ward the cow tests. His hand feacended toward the cow tests are the source of a born equestrian, purity every command. But Master, I do low they soull have beyed your every command. But Master, I do low the soull have beyed the cown have a sounce of a born equestrian, purity every command. But Master, I do low the soull have been to love me, but with the high the content of the ground to have the cown have a sounce of a born equestrian, purity every command. But Master, I do low the soull have been to love me, but with the high the content of the ground to have a sounce of a born equestrian, purity every command. But Master, I do low the soull have been to love me, but with the high the